

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

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## MORAL TALES.

SELECTED.

### FRIENDSHIP CARRIED TO AN IMPRUDENT LENGTH.

Percival Manley was the eldest son of a clergyman in Dorsetshire, who, independent of church preferment, possessed a small estate of about two hundred a year, which, added to the annual produce from two rectories, enabled him to live in respectable and gentleman-like style. Mr. Manley was a clergyman in the true sense of the expression: he was pious without being puritanical, and dignified without pride; and benevolence and the active virtues were so happily blended in his character, that he was at once the friend and benefactor of mankind. The sacred duties of his office, united to the necessary attention which it was requisite to pay to the cultivation of his farm, prevented him from devoting as much time to his son's education as a boy of an emulous disposition required: at the age therefore of ten years, Percival was placed at a public school. *Generous in his disposition, and gentle in his manners,* the amiable boy soon obtained a number of friends; but to one, in particular, he formed a strong attachment, which time strengthened, and reciprocal fondness improved. In their persons, which were both beautiful, there was so singular a resemblance, that they might not only have been supposed brothers, but twins, and from this similarity they were called Castor and Pollux, by the rest of the boys. Though Charles Gordon was near eighteen months older than Percival, yet they were nearly of the same height. But this likeness only extended to their persons, for little similarity subsisted between their minds.

Charles, however, had saved the life of his school-fellow, and Percival's gratitude knew no bounds: for bathing one evening, the latter, unfortunately, was seized with the cramp, and must inevitably have perished, but for the exertions of his friend. The mildness of Percival's disposition tempered the natural impetuosity of Gordon's, and was frequently the means of preventing him from getting into scrapes; and as the former always received ample allowance from his father, the latter, whose week-

ly stipend was much more limited, found his wants readily supplied from his friend's purse. An attachment, formed from gratitude on one side, and convenience on the other, imperceptibly increased with their years, and the two boys never seemed to enjoy happiness if by accident they were apart.

Percival finding his friend was designed to become a merchant, implored his father's permission to follow the same line, declaring that his inclination did not lean towards the church. Ever anxious to promote the happiness, as well as the welfare of his children, the worthy Mr. Manley reluctantly consented to the wishes of his son.

Though a public education is not actually necessary for those who are intended for the mercantile line, yet he soon found the advantage of it, as his knowledge was greatly superior to the rest of the clerks, and he consequently not only became a favorite with his master, but with all the gentlemen in the same profession who frequented the house. The gentleman to whose care Percival was intrusted had a daughter, as lovely in person as she was amiable in mind; and as the young people generally spent their evenings in the society of each other, a mutual attachment soon took place, which was sanctioned by the approbation of their parents. As Louisa Dorville was an only daughter, Percival not only received a handsome dowry with her, but was taken into partnership by his father-in-law. If we can suppose it possible that human happiness is ever *completely perfect*, it certainly fell to the lot of the new-married pair, whose affection for each other was so exquisitely delicate, that they were incapable of enjoying any pleasure apart.

The tender affection which Percival felt for the amiable Louisa, did not, in the slightest degree, diminish his attachment for his friend; and as Charles Gordon had likewise commenced the man of business, for the affairs of commerce, as well as inclination, they frequently met. The same want of liberality which Mr. Gordon had displayed towards his son whilst at Eton, was persevered in after he entered into the mercantile line, and had he not frequently received assistance from the friend of his childhood he must have been under the necessity of declining trade. The frequent embarrass-

ments he suffered from the want of a sufficient capital, at length induced him to form the resolution of relieving them by marrying a *rich wife*; and possessing the advantage of a handsome person, he found little difficulty in accomplishing his views.

Chance introduced him to the acquaintance of a widow lady, somewhat stricken in years; but who had so completely concealed the deficiencies of nature, that she did not appear more than thirty-five. False teeth, false hair, false bosom, &c. with *lilies* and *roses* judiciously decorating her face, produced an effect agreeable, and Charles resolved to ply her with sonnets and sighs. This charming creature was the widow of a grocer, who had amassed an immense fortune in trade, and had left her undisputed mistress of three thousand a year. The early part of her life had certainly been sacrificed to the peevish caprices of a man more than twice her age, and she doubtless had passed through a fiery ordeal to obtain that independence which at his death she enjoyed.

The attention of so handsome a fellow as Gordon soon dissipated that sorrow which she pretended to feel; and the memory of the dear Mr. Malaga no longer received the well feigned tribute of a tear. A smile of joy illuminated her dejected countenance whenever the fascinating Charles appeared; and a declaration of *love* from his lips, was too impressive to be withheld. Margate happened to be the scene of courtship, and in less than six weeks after their first acquaintance, their future fate was combined. The delighted bridegroom, transported by his good fortune, felt impatient to have it shared by his friend. To Percival he had pretended that indisposition was the motive which induced him to visit the sea-shore; for not certain of success, and knowing he would condemn the very thought of an *interested marriage*, he resolved not to impart his intention until remonstrances would be vain.

The newspapers and the *post*, announced Gordon's fate at the same moment: in the letter, the bridegroom merely dwelt upon the *fortune* of his wife, without even touching upon her personal attractions, or the qualifications of her mind. His counting-house was in the adjoining street to that where Percival resided, and he had a neat

lodging within a few doors; but he was now to remove to a more *fashionable part* of the town, as the lady to whom he was united had an elegant house in Harley-street. Thither the new-married pair directed their course, a few days after the irrevocable knot was tied; as the bride was anxious to display her possessions, and the doting husband impatient to see his friend.

Curiosity, as well as affection, carried Percival to Harley-street, a few hours after the arrival of the new-married pair, and with difficulty could he refrain from expressing his astonishment at the infatuation of Charles. That *self-interest* alone had influenced his conduct, was evident, for the manners of Mrs. Gordon were neither polished nor refined: but what made her appear ridiculous and contemptible was, she endeavored to ape all the girlish folly of sixteen. That she was both *low-bred* and *uneducated*, her conversation convinced him; and what was still more disgusting, she was *thin and weak*. But Charles, as if fearful of hearing his friend's opinion, when left together avoided, all conversation about his wife; though upon the *enjoyments* her *fortune* would procure him, he expatiated with enthusiastic delight.

Those *enjoyments*, however, were soon embittered by the unamiable temper of his spouse: whose affection was so extremely ardent, that she would not bear him to pay the slightest attention to any of her sex, and to the lovely Louisa she took so great an aversion, that she could not treat her with the civility that common politeness required. Charles, on the contrary, was continually drawing comparisons between his own and his friend's wife, until *hatred* supplied the *place of indifference*, which he had not *delicacy* enough to conceal. That business by which he might have acquired fortune and respectability, was neglected for the fashionable pursuits of polished life: he kept a mistress, frequented gaming-houses, and drove the most dashing curriole that could be bought. Few couples were more completely the *ton*, than Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. They resided, it is true, in the same house, but never interfered with each other's occupations; for the lady did not take the trouble of endeavoring to regain his heart.

The daily intercourse between Percival and Charles gradually subsided; for, as the former thought it a duty incumbent upon him to remonstrate and advise, the latter soon gave him fewer opportunities, and at length all appearance of friendship ceased. It terminated, however, *but in appearance*, for Percival still felt warmly interested for the friend of his youth, and resolved to evince the sincerity of his attachment, if ever an opportunity occurred. In the short space of four years this opportunity presented itself; for Charles, impatient to secure that

fortune which alone had induced him to enter into the marriage state, had not minutely examined into the jointure which Mrs. Malaga possessed, and was totally ignorant of its reverting to her husband's family after her decease. Frequently had Charles wished for his wife's dissolution, wholly ignorant that he should have reason to deplore that event; but when it occurred, he was soon made sensible of his folly, as her former husband's relations were perfectly acquainted with the tenor of the will. Her jewels and furniture which were at her own disposal, were all left to her own relations, and Charles not only found himself stripped of every comfort, but overwhelmed with a load of debt.

Percival was no sooner made acquainted with this circumstance, than on the wings of friendship he flew to Harley-street; and knowing that Charles had entirely neglected all commercial business, with unprecedented generosity offered him a share in his own concern. "Life, my dear Charles," said he, "you will allow is more valuable than fortune: mine I never forget that you preserved. As a tribute of gratitude, then, allow me to make you some return."

Astonished at such an unexpected proof of friendship from the being whose counsel he had rejected, and whose society he had shunned, the repentant Charles was incapable of replying; but tears of gratitude expressed more than words. The lodging which he had formerly occupied was again engaged for him. Without the slightest regret, he took leave of his friends at the West end of the town: and the people to whom he was indebted, knowing the high character of his partner, agreed to receive the amount of their bills by instalments, payable in four years.

Such a generous proof of friendship and attachment, one would have imagined, must have made an impression upon the most insensible heart; but the allurements of vice were too strong for a mind like Gordon's to resist them; and though for about six months he devoted his attention to business, he then frequented his old haunts, and those sums which ought to have been paid to his different creditors were squandered away upon *dice and cards*.

The noble-minded Percival too soon discovered, that the enthusiasm of friendship might be carried too far; and trembled with apprehension lest his beloved Louisa, and her innocent offspring, should become sufferers, from the imprudent conduct of Charles. Remonstrance, however, proved unavailing, for vice had completely hardened his heart, and readily finding the means of gratifying a propensity for gaming, he paid not the slightest attention to the intreaties of his friend.

*Disease*, the natural effect of *licentiousness*, at length prevented Gordon from following

his vicious pursuits, and intemperance had so completely weakened his constitution, that he was wholly unable to resist its attack. The physicians who attended him considered it a duty to apprise him of his approaching fate; when, horror-struck at the thoughts of dissolution, he implored them to preserve his life. "For how (said he) shall I dare to appear in the presence of my Maker with such a load of iniquity upon my head? Oh, Percival! how have I requited your generosity! Wretch that I am, I have involved you in debt!"—No reproaches escaped the lips of the generous Manley;—indeed, he then knew not the extent of the injuries he had sustained; but scarcely had death closed the eyes of his imprudent partner, when bills were presented to an enormous amount.

Unjust as it may appear, that the innocent should suffer for the guilty, yet so it happened in the present case; for the deed of partnership was such, as to subject Percival to the payment of all his partner's debts.—If this misfortune had not extended to the objects of his affection, he would have supported it with fortitude and firmness of mind; but when he reflected that by his own imprudence (or rather by his too strong friendship) he had involved a beloved wife and children in distress, his grief became so violent, that it produced an alarming effect upon his health.

Louisa's father had paid the debt of nature a few months before this unfortunate partnership took place. He had imprudently joined in a bond with his wife's brother, and had the whole amount of it to pay; which preyed so deeply upon his spirits, that it was supposed to have shortened his days.—Notwithstanding this loss, he left Percival between six and seven thousand pounds; but relying upon his honour and affection, settled no part of that sum upon his child. From this unfortunate proof of confidence, the amiable young woman was destitute of all support, for Gordon's debts amounted to more than his partner was worth; and the creditors, fancying he had concealed part of his property, inhumanly threw the innocent victim of generosity into gaol.

With the respected father of Percival Manley, I had long been in the habits of intimacy; and was on a visit, at the rector's, when the news of his misfortunes arrived; and as my old friend was confined, by a fit of the gout, to his apartments, I offered to take a journey to the metropolis, for the purpose of obtaining his release. This proposal was gratefully accepted: the old gentleman declared his readiness to resign his little estate to his son; but this, fortunately, had been settled upon Louisa, though it was not to revert to her until the death of her father-in-law. Happily, it was a support for this amiable woman and her

children, and was beyond the reach of a set of harpies, for I could consider the creditors in no other light—a set of wretches, who not satisfied with the property of a man whose every action had been honorable, deprived him of *Liberty*, the greatest blessing of life.

Upon arriving in London, I instantly went to the Compting House, and found the business was carried on by the clerks, for the benefit of the creditors, to whom about eighteen hundred pounds still remained due. After having obtained the information I wanted, and having discovered that the creditors acted with greater rigour than the law would allow, I ordered the coachman to drive with all expedition to the Fleet.

Upon enquiring for Mr. Manley, I was directed up three pair of stairs; but Great God! what a sight presented itself! and with what emotion did I view the affecting scene! The first thing that I beheld, upon opening the door of this wretched apartment, was a table covered with a white cloth, and the lifeless form of an infant extended upon it, strewed over with faded flowers!—Kneeling by the side of a low bed, I beheld the *once-blooming Louisa*, who, with uplifted hands and eyes, appeared to be imploring her Maker to spare the life of another apparently expiring child, whilst Percival was pacing the room with an air of distraction, with a little boy about two years of age, in his arms.

All the sympathies of human nature seemed suddenly contracted into a focus: my heart palpitated with such violence, I was scarcely able to respire; and instead of being able to pour the balm of comfort into the wounds of the afflicted, I found myself incapable of articulating a word. A groan of anguish burst from my laboring bosom which was re-echoed by the son of my old friend, when, grasping my hand with convulsive violence, he exclaimed, “Am I not endowed with greater fortitude than the generality of men, or would not my senses forsake me? but there is my soother, my comfort, my support.”

As he said this, his voice faltered, and, clasping one arm round Louisa’s waist, he reclined his head upon her bosom, and actually wept like a child. The apothecary at this moment entered, and in his person I recognised an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for many years. He felt the pulse of his little patient, and I perceived a smile of joy illumine his face:—“Your little angel will recover, (said he) my dear Madam! a wonderful alteration has taken place within a few hours.”

“Ten thousand blessings light upon you!” exclaimed the delighted mother: then dropping upon her knees, “Merciful God! Oh, make me thankful for this transporting news of joy! Oh, my Percival, (she continued)

how light seem our afflictions! My little darling will live to reward us for our care.”

To do justice to the scene which followed would be impossible: the agitated father put down his little boy, and, in a transport of tenderness, caught the object of his affection in his arms, and after wetting her face with tears of joy and gratitude, fondly embraced the little suffering child; then turning towards the lifeless infant, “Angel of innocence! (he exclaimed) your wretched father has been your murderer! you would have been smiling upon him now, had you never entered this accursed place! There is contagion within these walls, and pestilence in each apartment! yet Heaven, in its mercy, will spare your sister’s life.”

I had frequently heard it observed, that females were much better able to struggle with misfortune than our sex; and now I had a positive proof; for the amiable Mrs. Manley seemed no longer to feel the weight of affliction, so delighted was she at the prospect of her child being restored. Percival, by degrees, became composed and collected. The worthy apothecary proposed repeating the same medicine to the child; and with that candor which is not generally practiced by men of his profession, declared, that *James’ powders* could alone have preserved its life. Finding that he was the friend of injured Manley, I informed him of the discovery that I had made; and with a warmth which did honor to his feelings, he implored me to make the celebrated Mr. Garrow acquainted with the case, at the same time offering to accompany me to that gentleman’s house. The attorney whom Percival consulted, had evidently proved himself a fool, or a knave; for upon merely examining Coke and Blackstone I easily found that the creditors had gone beyond the letter of the law, and had rendered themselves liable to a prosecution for imprisoning a man who had given up his all, to pay debts which he had never contracted, the greater part of which were from losses at cards.

The learned counsellor, the moment he heard a candid statement of the circumstances, declared, that Percival had been the most injured of men; and with an ardency which evinced the benevolence of his sentiments, entered warmly into his cause. The lawyer who had been employed to arrest this worthy young man, no sooner heard who it was with whom he had to contend, than he professed a readiness to persuade his clients to grant the prisoner’s release, and allow him to return to his business—but this proposition came too late.

*Released* he will be, and that immediately; yet not from favor, but by right; and he will recover damages to a large amount. His fortune may be restored, but where will he find compensation for the loss of peace of mind? or how can those unfeeling men

ever reflect, that through their unfeeling severity he lost a beloved child?

Partnerships have proved the ruin of thousands. They should be entered into with as much precaution as the marriage state; for if either party is deficient in probity, or principle, inevitable ruin must occur. To serve a real friend, we ought to hazard something; but the first object to be considered is the interest of a wife, and those dear pledges of conjugal felicity which cement the bonds of the marriage state. Percival’s attachment to his friend exceeded the bounds of prudence, for vicious habits are not easily overcome; yet he has youth on his side, and I still flatter myself he will live to become a wealthy man.

## GRAMMAR.

*Extract from an article in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. 1. New series; entitled, English Phonology; or, an Essay towards an analysis and description of the component sounds of the English language.* By Peter S. Duponceau.

The component sounds of the English oral language, considered in the abstract, and independent of the signs which are used to represent them, are the subject of this Essay. I have attempted to subject them to the process of a severe analysis, taking the ear alone for my guide, and rejecting the delusive aid of another sense. This has been the most difficult part of my task, for in spite of all the efforts that can be made, that other sense, the sight, will ever intrude, and almost as certainly as it interferes, is sure to deceive. Such is the force of early habit, and so strong is the association in the mind between the written and the spoken language, that it is almost impossible to abstract or separate them from each other. When we have been accustomed to see the same sound represented by different characters, our ear involuntarily follows the eyes and perceives differences which do not exist in nature. Hence all the English grammarians that I am acquainted with, except Mr. Mitford, in his very interesting treatise on the harmony of language, have considered the sound of *a*, in *all*, and that of *o*, in *cottage* as differing from each other, whereas it is evident, if the ear only is attended to, that they differ in nothing but quantity, the former being pronounced long and the other short. In *fortune*, the difference of quantity vanishes, and it seems impossible for the nicest ear to discriminate between the sound of *o* in that word and that of *a* in *all*. In *hollow*, *follow*, again the quantity differs, but the sound is still the same. To try it by a sure test, let the quantity of the words be transposed, and pronounce the word *all*, *all*, and the word

*hollow, hollow*, the similarity of sound cannot fail to strike every ear as it did that of Mr. Mitford, and as it certainly does mine. Here this acute and discriminating philosopher conquered the strong prejudice produced by conflicting senses, and by an early association of ideas; but he was not every where equally successful, for he distinguishes between the sound of *o* in *robe*, and that of *u* in *but*, which he classes as different vowel sounds without considering that as in the former instance, the difference consists only in the duration. This last vowel sound he calls *u* short, and the Edinburgh Reviewer commenting on his work, assimilates it to that of the French diphthong *eu*. With these opinions, however respectable, I cannot by any means coincide: my ear discriminates between the sounds of the English word *buff* and the French word *bauf*, though they are both the same as to quantity. Nor can I believe with Mr. Mitford, that the sound of the short *u*, as he calls it, and that of the long *o*, differ in any thing but their duration. It is astonishing how the eye in this and other like instances is apt to mislead the ear. There are few persons who will be disposed to deny that the vowel sound in the word *son* is that of the short *o*, the same which is pronounced long in the word *robe*; but change the orthography of this word and write it *sun*, and men will no longer feel the same impression of sound, because it is not an *o* which they have before their eyes. I have met with similar delusions at every step of this investigation, and am not certain that I have conquered them all.

There is nothing so difficult for the ear to take hold of and correctly to discriminate, as the short sounds of the English unaccented vowels. The principal characteristics of our language are strength and rapidity. The voice does not act by pressure on accented syllables as it does in the Italian and Spanish, resting upon them a while so as to fall gently on those that are unaccented and give them their correct articulation, but strikes with sudden force on the accented vowel, and impelled by the momentum which it gives to itself, rolls on rapidly through the unaccented syllables to where it is obliged to renew its stroke. Hence our accented vowels are in general short, and those unaccented are passed over with so much quickness, that the vocal organ does not dwell upon them long enough to enable a common ear to catch their precise sound, and it perceives only an indistinct vibration, a small vacant space, as it were, between the consonants, like the *Sheva* of the Hebrews, and the French *e* semi-nine. This vacant space, this *Sheva*, the English Phonologists (if I may be allowed to use the name) have almost uniformly represented by *u* short, from some predilection for this character, for which I cannot,

nor do I think it necessary to account. Thus *alter, cancer, honor, martyr*, when their pronunciation is to be explained, will be spelled for demonstration's sake, *altur, cansur, honur, martur*, as if the vowel sound of the last syllable in all of them were the same. But this similarity is nothing, in my opinion, but a deception produced on the ear by the rapidity of the voice passing over the unaccented vowel. If the powers of the auditory sense could be increased by some acoustic instrument, as those of the organs of vision are by a microscope, I have no doubt that the sounds of the vowels thus obscurely but correctly pronounced, would be distinctly heard; but they escape our ear as minute objects do our eyes, when the sight glances over them with rapidity. A confusion is produced, not unlike that of slurred notes by an unskillful or inattentive performer on a musical instrument. But the correct speaker as well as the skilful musician, will avoid this disagreeable confusion, and give to every passing sound as much as possible its clear and distinct utterance: in common colloquial speech, so much nicely is not required, but neither is it there that the rules of pronunciation are to be sought for, and its licenses should not be converted into principles.

This is, however, the fault which modern grammarians have committed. They have labored, it would seem, to vulgarise our language. They have mistaken the indistinct pronunciation of unaccented vowels in colloquial speech, for their true and genuine sound. Nor are they vowels alone that have given rise to a similar error. The sound of the letter *t* when followed by the vowel *u* and rapidly uttered, appears to the sense like that of *ch*. Thus the words *nature, fortune*, by the operation of that delusion which I have already noticed, seem to sound like *natchure, fortchune*, and this has been taken for the true and genuine pronunciation of these and other similar words. But this supposed sound is mere deception, in the same manner as when we pronounce the words *don't you? can't you?* we are heard to say *don't chew? can't chew?* And surely it cannot be said that such is the true pronunciation of the English language, and that the sound of the letter *t* when followed by *u* is always changed to that of *ch*. It will be contended, perhaps, that there is a difference between consecutive words and consecutive syllables, a longer pause being presumed between the former than between the latter. But I assert that in point of fact there is none, that *don't you* and *can't you* in common familiar language are pronounced with as much rapidity as *nature* and *fortune*, and that the deception on the ear, of *ch* instead of *t* takes place when two words as well as two syllables follow each other. If this is true, and if this sound of *ch* is really produced by an illusion of the sense, how

comes it that our grammarians have erected it into a correct and true standard of pronunciation? Such deceptions take place in every language; in French for instance, the words *Qu'est ce que c'est que cela*, in familiar speech generally sound to the ear like *Kex-ea*, and this proceeds altogether from the rapidity of utterance. Yet what French grammarian has ever pretended that such is the true pronunciation of those words and recommended it to be used at the bar, on the stage or in the pulpit? But we have orators among us, who in the most solemn discourse not only do, but on the authority of Sheridan and Walker, affect to pronounce *natchure, fortchune*. There are even those who, following the first of these writers, pronounce *tumult, tumor*, like *tchumult, tchumor*, although the accented vowel on which the *t* falls does not so much excuse that negligence. In speaking very rapidly, it is difficult to avoid this confusion of sounds, even when the vowel is accented; but I must repeat that the true pronunciation of a language is never to be sought for in the careless habits of rapid discourse.

It is improperly, therefore, that the modern English lexicographers have substituted almost every where the dull inarticulate *sheva*, or short *u* as it is called, for the proper sounds of unaccented vowels. With equal impropriety have some of them struck out in certain words the vowel altogether, for instance, in *raven, maiden, heaven*, &c the pronunciation of which is according to Walker, *ravn maidn, hevn*, thus making these words monosyllabic, as they are sometimes in poetry, when the metre requires it. For poetical licenses are not, any more than those allowed to colloquial speech, the sources from which the true pronunciation of words is to be derived. The standard exists only in the language of solemn recitation, in which every sound is distinctly uttered, and no licenses are permitted. It is by adhering to this standard alone, that the purity of a language can be maintained, and that it can be saved from corruption and barbarism.

The correct pronunciation of a language cannot be preserved, unless it is precisely fixed & ascertained, and that cannot be done unless all its component sounds are accurately known and clearly distinguished from each other. This has not yet been done with respect to any language that I know of, certainly not as to the English. The various powers of the characters of its alphabet have been described, but the sounds themselves have never been analysed, nor can they be, unless they are as much as possible abstracted from the signs which represent them, for the ear alone should be listened to, nor suffer itself to be misled by the delusions of another sense, which was given us for a quite different purpose from that of conveying ideas of sound to the mind.

## ANECDOTES.

**Men and Horses.**—A certain distinguished regiment of dragoons had once so many tailors in the ranks, that the Colonel determined on posting them all to the same troop; and on doing so found them to be the exact number of that portion of the regiment. Partly actuated by wit, and partly with a desire to wield a little satire against these unfortunate fractions of humanity, he directed also that they should all be mounted on mares. It happened, shortly after, that the regiment went into action; upon which occasion the troop of tailors were commanded by a native of "the Emerald Island," and were found (to the honour of these knights of the shears be it spoken,) not to behave inferior in gallantry to the rest of the corps. The following day the regiment was inspected by the general commanding the division, who very naturally asked the Hibernian captain "how many men and horses he had left in his troop, after the hot work of the preceding morning?" Pat, willing to indulge a fair joke at the expense of the general's humanity, replied, with great earnestness, and well feigned feelings of distress. "Neither a man nor a horse, sir." "Good God!" exclaimed the general—when he was relieved from his anxiety by Pat's continuing, "I have nothing left but tailors mounted on mares."

**BLUNDERING.**—At a late fair of Ballinasloe, a rich grazier, being in his cups, made a boast that he and three other pot companions had contrived to swallow sixteen bottles of port at one sitting. "Pray, sir," said a gentleman present, "would you have the goodness to give us the names of the three other brutes that were engaged with you?" "That I will," says he, "there was Tom Mathews—that's one; the two Grogans—that's two; myself—that's three; and—(after a long pause)—why, by my soul, there was four of us—Let me see, (reckoning upon his fingers), there's the two Grogans—that's one; myself—that's two; Tom Mathews—that's three; and—by the — I forgot the name of the other; but I know that there were four of us, any how."

In the time of Henry VIII. every great man kept a fool in his house, who was generally a very clever, witty person, but who, presuming on his title, was licensed to speak his thoughts. Cardinal Woolsey was not without one of these appendages to grandeur, and one day as he was about to give a magnificent feast, wherein, according to the custom of those times, a prodigious quantity of butcher's meat was consumed, his fool said to his Eminence, "I wish, with all my heart, that you were made Pope." "Why?" replied the Cardinal. "Because," said the Buffoon, "St. Peter established Lent in order to profit his relations, who were Fishermen, now you would abolish it to enrich your parents, who are Butchers."

**Sallad.**—A priest having preached from the text "All flesh is grass," found occasion to reprove a poor fellow for eating flesh on days prohibited by the Church. The man said very little in his own vindication: but to avoid penance, requested the confessor to tell him whether, admitting what he had asserted, that all *flesh* was *grass*, he might not eat it as a *sallad*.

Cardinal Woolsey was a butcher's son; but when basking in the sunshine of regal favor was insufferably arrogant. One day a nobleman came into court, drest in a most pompous and gorgeous manner, so as to eclipse the pomp of the cardinal. Woolsey, who knew him to be deeply in debt, and remarkably careless about paying, in order to humble him, told him imperiously that "it would be better for him to pay his debts than spend so much on his apparel."—The nobleman gravely replied to the infinite mortification of the favourite—"You are right, my lord cardinal—and now I'll make a beginning. I owe your father a groat for a calf's head—here's sixpence, give me the change."

An officer in a dragoon regiment, at a review, lost his hat by a gale of wind. A private dismounted, and presenting it to him on the point of his sword, accidentally made a puncture in it. Damn it, Sam, I would sooner that you had pierced my arm. Why so, colonel? Because I have credit with my surgeon but none with my hatter.

A young lady, on hearing that a thousand coins had been found near Brighton race course, with great simplicity exclaimed: "I dare say they are my brother's for I know he lost a thousand the last time he was at the races."

## THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1824.

The great efforts which have been made to enlist the feelings of our citizens in favour of the different candidates for the Presidency, although in some degree successful, have not been sufficient to acquire for either of them a degree of interest equal to that which is felt respecting the improvement of steam engines. The former is a subject equally interesting to all the citizens of the United States; but to those of the Western Country, the latter is of more importance than to any other portion, either of this country or probably of any other in the world; and as a subject of contention has arisen between the partisans of high and low steam, it will require the most indefatigable exertions of politicians to obtain and preserve even a "divided empire" with steam.

Mr. Perkins' engine, which a short time since seemed to be sinking into oblivion, with the many others that have been brought forward, has lately renewed its claims to our attention and revived our hopes of finding it the grand desideratum in the generation of steam power. The following extract of a letter from a gentleman in England, to the editor of the New York Daily Advertiser, contains the latest information on this subject and may probably be considered as authentic:

"Mr. Perkins's discovery has been, I think, overstated by his friends and too lightly estimated by his enemies. I have taken some pains to understand the subject, and the following appears to me to be the state of facts. Mr. P. has undoubtedly made a great and valuable improvement in the steam engine. The evidence of this is that he has now in his establishment two engines in operation—one a small engine of perhaps 5 horse power, the first that he constructed; the other a 12 or 15 horse engine. The latter is connected with a pump to raise water, by means of which the exact power of the engine may be ascertained. This is nearly completed, and the result of the experiment will probably be soon communicated to the public, perhaps by Mr. Perkins himself, who is, I learn, about to publish a description of the Engine. Sufficient experiments have been already made to induce Perkins & Co. to contract to furnish engines which will save two thirds of the fuel, and 19-20 of the water used in other engines. My own opinion is that the engine will even do better than this, besides saving half the cost of construction, and 4-5 in weight and bulk. Such is the entire confidence of the concern in the engine, that they have now building a vessel of 400 tons, in which 2 engines of 50 horse power are to be put, for the purpose of going to India.

Mr. Perkins' Steam Gun, of which you may have heard, is a discovery resulting from that of his steam engine. He discharges, at the rate of 240 ounce balls per minute, from a musket barrel of a force equal to that of gunpowder. This extraordinary affair attracts thousands to witness the experiments, among whom I have seen Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons and Baronets. There can be no illusion in this matter—Mr. Perkins is a frank man, incapable of practising any deception of which he is not, with others, the subject. He foresees no difficulty in applying his discovery to military purposes, to the exclusion of gunpowder.—This perhaps is counting too fast—but I shall not be surprised to see as the result, a considerable modification in military and naval tactics.

An engine is now constructing to be taken to the U. States by Mr. Goodrich, of Connecticut, in July or August—he being appointed the agent of Perkins & Co. to manage their affairs there. Thus, you see, the people of the United States are likely soon to have an opportunity of judging for them-

selves of the success of their ingenious countryman, without being left to doubt amid the contradictions of interested publications."

*Passage from England to India.*—A project has been formed in England, to establish a communication with India, by means of steam boats. It is thought the passage may be effected in 31 days. The following is a description of the proposed route:

	Miles.	Days.
From Falmouth to Gibraltar,	1200	5
Gibraltar to Rosetta,	2170	9
Rosetta to Bulac, or to Cairo, ascending the Nile,	110	1
Cairo to Suez, by land,	70	2
Suez to Bombay, by the Red Sea,	3300	14
	6850	31

It is supposed that Perkins's machine, as it will require less fuel than is now consumed, will render it possible to reach India by the usual route, round the Cape of Good Hope.

### Literary AND Scientific Notices.

The history of Kentucky, by Humphrey Marshall, Esq. is in press at Frankfort, Ky.

Bliss & White, of New-York, have in press, "Redwood, a Tale, with a Sketch of the Manners and Characters of the Disciples of Ann Lee,—the Shakers."

Robert Waln, Jr. Esq. of Philadelphia, has in preparation a LIFE OF THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE, to be composed from the most authentic materials. We are glad that a work so much to be desired is in hands so competent to its proper execution.

Mr. Hunter, who published here an account of his long residence among the Indians and a general view of their character and modes of existence, has brought his work, in London, to a third English edition. In the preface to this edition, he announces his intention of returning to settle in the vicinity of the Quapaws, on a tract of land which he owns near them. One of his objects is to contribute to the civilization of that tribe.—*Nat. Gaz.*

Mr. Murray is preparing for publication "Tales of a Traveller," by Mr. Washington Irving. We have reason to believe that some of the productions advertised as written by that agreeable author, never came from his pen.

The Rev. Henry Moore has in the Press, a Life of the Rev. John Wesley, including that of his brother Charles; compiled from authentic documents, many of which have never been published. It will be comprised

in two large octavo volumes. Mr. Moore was for many years, the confidential friend of Mr. Wesley, and is the only surviving Trustee of his private papers.

Two volumes of a new romance, by the author of the Waverly novels, had been printed off, and 4000 copies of the work subscribed for at a trade sale in London.—Longman's house alone had bespoke 1000 copies. The story is Scottish, and the incidents are supposed to have occurred in 1760, fifteen years after the last rebellion.

The French translator of Walter Scott's works has exercised his talents on an American Romance, the Pilot, and is well rewarded, for the work is exceedingly sought after at Paris.

Mons. F. C. H. L. Pouqueville, author of the interesting Travels in Greece, has written a "History of the Regeneration of Greece, comprising a Sketch of the Events from 1740 to 1824," 4 vols. 8vo. with 5 maps and 7 portraits.—pp. 2200. Great expectations are formed of this work. It was to be published in the first fortnight of April, but we do not know whether it has yet appeared.

Ponthieu, the Paris bookseller, has published a new romance with a most promising title—it is *Le Dernier !!*

**RUMFORD PREMIUM.**—The number of the Boston Journal just published, contains a notice of Count Rumford's donation to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, made in the year 1796. The donation consisted of five thousand dollars United States three per cent. stock, the income of which was directed to be granted every two years as a premium to the author of the most important discovery or useful improvement on heat or light, that shall be made public in any part of the continent of America during the preceding two years. The Academy has repeatedly announced the fact, that it was ready to award the premium to any person who should show that he was entitled to it, on the terms of the donation, but no discovery or improvement of the kind described, has ever been brought to the notice of the Academy, which they have considered entitled to the premium. The interest has therefore from time to time been added to the principal, which at this time consists of \$7,361 19 in six per cent. stocks, and 7050 in 7 per cents. The income on the whole sum, for two years constitutes the premium now offered. A period of two years will expire on the next quarterly meeting of the Academy, which will be held on the 25th inst. at which time they will be ready to award the premium to any person who shall appear to be entitled to it.

The French and German physicians are adopting the remedy of *Gaseous Baths* in all cases of diseases of the skin and all chronic affections. Baths of a similar nature have been established in London by an eminent

British surgeon. They are upon the principle of administering medicine of many sorts, but particularly chlorine, mercury, sulphur, and opium, through the pores of the skin; and with more safety and expedition than through the medium of the stomach. The German physicians pretend to have performed wonderful cures in this way. Hippocrates is said to have mentioned the idea in his works.

We regret to find that the celebrated traveller Belzoni, like the long catalogue of his predecessors in the fatal attempt to explore the interior of Africa, has fallen a victim to disease in the very outset of his enterprise. He died at Benin on the 2d of December last, on his route to Houssa and Timbuctoo. This intrepid traveller, at the time of his death, had every thing arranged with the king for his departure. Mr. B. passed at Benin as an inhabitant or rather native of the interior, who had gone to England when a youth and was now trying to return to his country. The King and nobles gave credit to this, Mr. B. being in a Moorish dress, with his beard nearly a foot in length.

### UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The period for opening this institution being ultimately fixed to the first day of February next, some previous information respecting it, may be acceptable to the public. One hundred and nine dormitories are in readiness, sufficient each for two students, for their lodging and studies. Six hotels are provided, which will be rented to respectable house-keepers, who will furnish the ordinary meals to such students as choose to engage with them respectively, not exceeding 50 in a mess. With this article the University will have no concern, except to restrain excesses of the table. In addition to these accommodations, provided at the University, the town of Charlottesville, one mile distant, can lodge and board between one and two hundred students. The professors will be in place in the course of Autumn, and in time to prepare themselves for the commencement of their duties, at the opening of the institution. All students who propose to enter for the year ensuing, will be expected to attend on the first day of February, that the schools and classes may commence together.

There will be eight schools in the University. 1. Of Ancient Languages, Ancient History, Ancient Geography and Belles Lettres. 2. Of Modern Languages, Modern History, and Modern Geography. 3. Of Mathematics. 4. Of Natural Philosophy. 5. Of Natural History. 6. Of Anatomy and Medicine. 7. Of Moral Philosophy. 8. Of Law, Government and Political Economy.

Every student will be free to attend which ever of the schools he considers as adapted to his future pursuits, and required

to attend no others. To enter that of Ancient Languages, he must already be able to read with ease their higher authors. For the schools of Mathematics and natural Philosophy, he must be a proficient in numerical arithmetic. For the others, nothing preparatory will be required, except that into no school can any one be admitted under 16 years of age.

We regret to add that the liberal donation of \$50,000, made by the late Legislature, for the purchase of a Library and Apparatus, rested on a contingency which fails, and that the institution will be opened under this disadvantage. *Central Gaz.*

The following appointments have been made in the newly established Medical School at Charleston, South Carolina. J. M. Campbell, M. D. Professor of Anatomy; James Ramsay, M. D. Professor of Surgery; S. D. Dickinson, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and practice of Medicine; H. R. Frost, M. D. Professor of Materia Medica; Thomas G. Prioleau, Professor of Obstetrics, &c.; Edward Ravenal, M. D. Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy; S. Elliot, Professor of Natural History and Botany.

*Symmes' Theory.*—A public meeting has been held at Hamilton, in this state at which the following resolutions were adopted.

"That we esteem Symmes' Theory of the earth deserving of serious examination, and worthy the attention of the American people.

"That the proceedings of this meeting be published in all the newspapers in this town."

### Summary.

**NEW YORK.**—It is stated to us by gentlemen who have made particular inquiries, that there are now erecting in the Eighth Ward of this city, about one thousand houses; and it is computed that the whole number of houses built the present season and now building in the whole city, will exceed three thousand!

Capt. Geo. R. Worth, of the Onea, of Nantucket, has discovered an Island, in lat. 23, 57, S. long. 181,05 W. about 80 miles N. W. by N. of Pitcairn's Island, with a dangerous Reef extending from the south point.

*Caledonian Canal.*—A British revenue cruiser, the Success, drawing 13 feet of water, a short time since sailed from the Western (or Atlantic,) to the German Ocean, by the means of the Caledonian Canal, through Scotland! "The novel sight of one of His Majesty's ships, under a crowd of canvass, decorated on both sides, from the topmast head to the deck, with all her variegated colours and flags, enlivened by the martial, pibrochs and Highland airs, which were

played by the piper, did not fail (says a Scottish paper,) to bring, in crowds, the astonished natives, who viewed with wonder an armed ship; moving with majestic pride, some hundred feet below them, through the bosom of the mountains, from the Western to the German Ocean. On clearing the canal, the Success fired a salute, in consequence of being the first of His Majesty's ships which has come through this wonderful passage."

*Steam Boats in the Mediterranean.*—Accounts from Naples of the 15th ult. state, that steam boats would next month begin to ply between Naples, Palermo, and Marseilles. That intended for Marseilles will perform the voyage in five days. The other will perform its voyage to Palermo in 24 hours. Prince Buttia is at the head of the undertaking.

The following statement of the consumption of Cotton in France, will be regarded with interest in the United States.

During the reign of Napoleon, the duty on cotton was 3s 6d per lb, and not more than 50,000 bags were manufactured in a year. In 1818 the consumption was 150,000, in consequence of the duties being reduced to three half pence per lb. It is now 200,000 bags, each bag averaging 250 lbs.

The Pope has made an additional grant of 24,000 dollars annually to the Congregation *de propaganda fide*, for the special purpose of encouraging the progress of the Catholic religion in the United States of America.—*Ger. pap.*

*Foreign News received by last night's mail.*

The Spanish accounts are to the 15th April, and represent Spain as remaining in the same state of distress and uncertainty with respect to the measures of government. Numbers of persons continue to be arrested and imprisoned. The nobles were not even exempted.—Madrid had been set fire to in four different places at once, but owing to the activity of the French, its progress was arrested. Each party accuses the other of the crime.

A Royal resolution was published on the 13th, directing the decree of the 27th June, relative to the *pacifications*, to be carried into full effect. It was said Don Saez was to be brought into the administration again.

The accounts from Constantinople are to the 28th March, at which time nothing of importance had taken place. St. Petersburg letters say, that M. Minziacky is ordered to demand an indemnity of the Porte for the commercial losses sustained by Russian subjects, of late years, by several firmans, issued in that period. No formal mission will be sent to the Porte till this affair is arranged.

A letter of the same date states, that all differences between the Porte and Russia were adjusted, and the Turks actually re-

tiring from Wallachia and Moldavia. On the other hand, letters received at Paris from Trieste state, that it is rumored there that the Holy Alliance have ceded one of the Islands of the Archipelago to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and that, as soon as the order has established itself in its new seat of government, it will enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with Greece against the Turks! It is asserted, positively, in Paris, that both M. de Villele and M. de Chateaubriand have unequivocally expressed themselves in favor of the restoration of the Knights, which latter statement we have strong reasons for believing to be well founded. As for the alleged cession, (says the London Sun,) of an island to the Order, by the Allied Sovereigns, it is probably only an exaggerated echo of the old statement respecting a cession having actually been made to it by the Greeks. The Allies have no right to cede a territory which belongs either to regenerated Greece, or to the Porte; and the rumor, therefore, is most probably without foundation. It is possible enough that the Great Powers may feel disposed to acquiesce in the establishment of the Knights of St. John in the Mediterranean.

There was not the least probability of the termination of the differences between Great Britain and the Algerines, whose ports were rigorously blockaded. Convoys had been granted for protection of trade between Leghorn and the Straits—but there was not the slightest risk, as there were no Algerine cruisers at sea.

*Italy.*—Accounts from Rome state that large bodies of men, brigands, have again made their appearance on the Roman frontiers, since the attack made against them by order of the King of Naples obliged them to quit that Kingdom. The government has just taken steps for putting a stop to their irruptions.

*Late from Africa.*—We learn, by a passenger in the Phœbe, from St. Thomas, that the French schooner Porpoise had arrived there in the remarkably short passage of 10 days from Goree, Africa, the captain of which informed, that the natives had taken possession of the River Gambia and town of St. Marys; and that the whites after burning much property belonging to the natives, had abandoned the place, and had reached Goree. It is also added, that the natives had made several attacks on Sierra Leone and that the inhabitants were making preparations to leave that place.

*Peru.*—Accounts from the Spanish main, via Jamaica, have been received at Baltimore which say that Lima and Callao had fallen into the hands of the royalists. The royalist force was computed at about 9,000 men, the patriot 7,000. A battle, it appears had been fought, but at what time is not mentioned; and another was expected, and fears were entertained for a second defeat of the patriots.

## POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

My morning sun rose calm and bright,  
My hopes were high, my friends were kind;  
But ah! those rays of morning light,  
Soon fled before the gloomy night,  
The fitful fever of the mind.

There was a time—my heart beat high,  
And all my dreams were bright and fair,—  
The glance that spoke, where joy was nigh,  
The untaught language of the eye,  
The thoughtless smile devoid of care,—

They all were mine, and oh I deem'd,  
This life one ceaseless round of joy;  
Each moment with new pleasure beam'd  
And hope through all life's vista gleam'd,  
Nor did one grief my thoughts annoy.

And when the voice of friendship came,  
My heart responded to its tone,  
I loved, and oh! how pure the flame,  
How thrill'd my heart at one loved name,  
How throbbed that heart, for one alone.

But ah! I found that pleasure's glow  
Was brief as western splendours are,  
Friends, like the tides that ebb and flow,  
Joys, but the harbinger of woe,  
And love—the herald of despair.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.  
TO MISS L—— B——.

I found a lovely rose for thee,  
And as I pluck'd it from the tree,  
The thorns that guard the stem around,  
Did each embracing finger wound.

I knew no harm, to me 'twas nought,  
For thou hadst taken every thought;  
Till a vermillion drop of dew  
Gushed from the tiny pore to view.

Could I possess that living flower,  
For which I robb'd the roseate bower,  
Of ills of life I'd ne'er complain  
Should never know or feel a pain.

D. S.

SELECTED.  
EULOGIUM ON RUM.

Arise! ye pimples, tippling race, arise!  
From ev'ry town and village tavern come!  
Shew red noses, and o'erflowing eyes,  
And help your poet chant the praise of rum.  
The cogdial drop, the morning dram, I sing,  
The mid-day toddy, and the evening sling.

Hail, mighty rum! and by this general name  
I call each species—whisky, gin, or brandy:  
(The kinds are various—but the effect the same;  
And so I choose a name that's short and handy,  
For, reader, know, it takes a deal of time,  
To make a crooked word lie smooth in rhyme.)

Hail mighty rum! thy song-inspiring merit  
Is known to many a bard in these our days:  
Apollo's drink, they find, is void of spirit—  
Mere chicken-broth—insipid as their lays:  
And pleased, they'd give a riv'let—aye, a sea  
Of tuneful water, for one quart of thee!

Hail mighty rum! how won'drous is thy pow'r!  
Unwarm'd by thee, how would our spirits fail,  
When dark December comes, with aspect sour,  
And, sharp as razor, blows the northern gale!  
And yet thou'ret grateful in that sultry day,  
When raging Sirius darts his fervid ray.

Hail, mighty rum! to thee the wretched fly;  
And find a sweet oblivion of their woes;  
Lock'd in thy arms, as in the grave, they lie—  
Forget their kindred—and forgive their foes.—  
And Lethe's stream, (so much extoll'd by some,  
In ancient times) I shrewdly guess, was rum.

Hail, mighty rum! what can thy pow'r withstand!  
E'en lordly reason flies thy dreadful face:  
And health, and joy, and all the lovely band  
Of social virtues, shun thy dwelling place:  
(For in whatever breast it rears its throne,  
Like Turkish monarchs, rum must rule alone.)

When our bold fathers cross'd th' Atlantic wave,  
And here arriv'd—a weak defenceless band,  
Pray, what became of all the tribes so brave—  
The savage owners of this happy land?  
Were they sent headlong to the realms below,  
"By doom of battle?" friend, I answer no.

Our fathers were too wise to think of war:  
They knew the woodlands were not quickly past;  
They might have met with many an ugly scar—  
Lost many a foretop—and been beat at last.  
But Rum, assisted by his son, Disease,  
Perform'd the business with surprising ease.

And would our western brethren be less proud, or,  
In other words, throw by the gun and drum—  
For ducks and squirrels, save their lead and powder,  
And send the tawny rogues some pipes of rum—  
I dare predict, they all would gladly suck it;  
And every mother's son soon kick the bucket.

But lo! th' ingratitude of Adam's race!  
Tho' all these clever things to rum we owe—  
Gallons of ink are squirted in his face;  
And his bruised back is bang'd with many a blow:  
Some hounds of note have rug'd his funeral knell,  
And ev'ry puppy joins the gen'ral yell.

So have I seen (the simile is fine);  
And wonderfully pat, tho' rather old)  
When rising Phœbus shot his rays benign,  
A flock of sheep come skipping from the fold;  
Some restless sheep cries baa; and all the throng,  
Ewes, rams, lambs, wethers, bellowing pour along.

But fear not, rum, tho' fiercely they assail,  
And none but I, the bard, thy cause defend,  
Think not thy foes—tho' num'rous—shall prevail,  
Thy pow'r diminish, or thy being end:  
Tho' spurn'd from table and the public eye,  
In the snug closet safely shalt thou lie.

And oft, when Sol's proud chariot quits the sky,  
And humbler Cynthia mounts her one-horse chair  
To that snug closet shall thy votary fly;  
And, wrapt in darkness, keep his orgies there;  
Lift the full bottle, joyous, to his head,  
Then great as Caesar, reel sublime to bed.

Burlington, December 7th, 1789.

## TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

BY J. LEYDEN.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!  
What vanity hath brought thee here!  
How can I bear to see thee shine  
So bright whom I have bought so dear.  
The tent rope's flapping tone I hear,  
For twilight converse, arm in arm;  
The jackal's shriek bursts on my ear,  
Whom mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chericul's dark winding stream,  
Where cane tufts shadow all the wild,  
Sweet visions haunt my waking dream—  
Of Teviot loved while yet a child,  
Of castled rocks, stupendous-piled  
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,  
Where love of youth and friendship smiled,  
Uncur'd by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade! day dreams sweet, from memory fade!  
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,  
That once so bright on fancy played,  
Revives no more in after time!  
Far from my sacred natal clime,  
I haste to an untimely grave;  
The daring thoughts that soared sublime,  
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave!  
I left a heart that loved me true;  
I crossed the tedious ocean wave,  
To roam in climes unkind and new.  
The cold wind on the stranger blew  
Cold on my wither'd heart—the grave,  
Dark and untimely met my view,  
And all for thee vile yellow slave!

Hi! com'st thou now, so late, to mock  
A banished wanderer's heart forlorn—  
Now that his head the light'ning shock  
Of sun rays tipt with death, has borne.  
From love, from friendship, country, torn,  
To memory's fond regret a prey,  
Vile slave! thy yellow dress I scorn;  
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay.

THE citizens of Cincinnati are requested to assemble at Mr. Dennison's Hotel, on Main street, near Upper Market, for the purpose of making arrangements for the celebration of the Anniversary of our Independence, THIS EVENING at early candlelight.

John Coombs, Luman Watson,  
Jacob Reasor, Wm. Schillinger,  
Parsons Gorham, Casper Hopple,  
James Patterson, A. W. Patterson,  
William Disney, William Mills,  
Benjamin Mason, James Ward,  
Geo. C. Miller, Jonah Martin,  
Cincinnati, June 19, 1824.

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